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BENNY

BENNY:

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

BY

Annie Chambers Ketchum.



NEW YORK:

S. R. WELLS, PUBLISHER.

1870.

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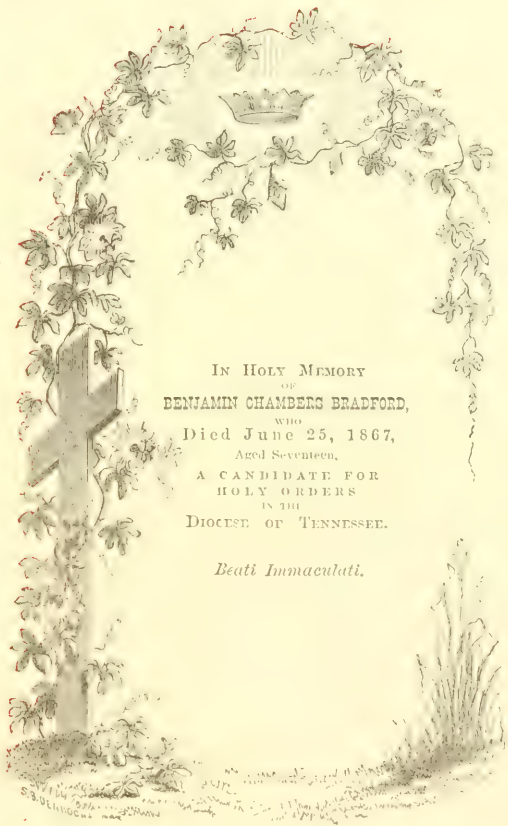
THE TROW & SMITH BOOK MANUF'G CO., PRINTERS,
46, 48, 50 GREENE STREET, NEW YORK.



To Benny, in Paradise,
This Simple Rhyme
Inspired by a Loveliness of Temper,
Which ripened into a Character
Too Beautiful for this World
Is Inscribed by,
His Mother.

IN HOLY MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN CHAMBERS BRADFORD,
WHO
Died June 25, 1867,
Aged Seventeen,
A CANDIDATE FOR
HOLY ORDERS
IN THE
DIOCESE OF TENNESSEE.

Beati Immaculati.





Illustrations.

1. BENNY'S PRAYER—

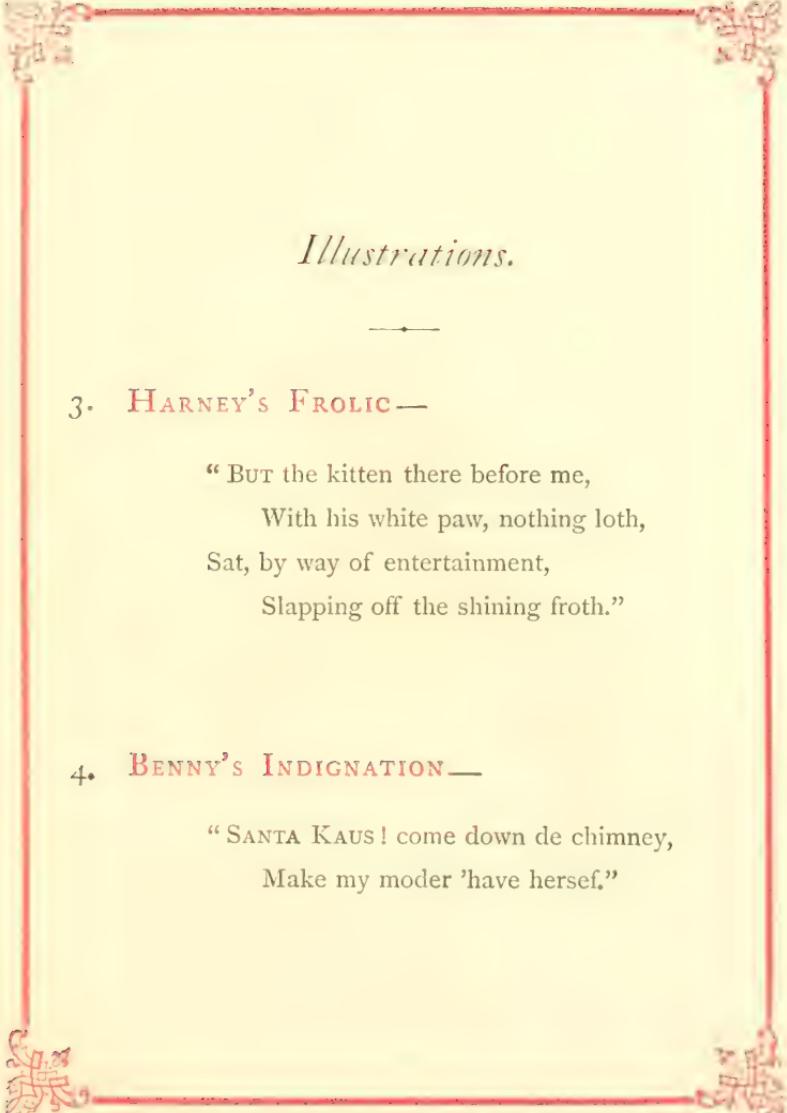
“GOD bess fader ; God bess moder ;
God bess sister ;”—then a pause,—
And the sweet young lips devoutly,
Murmured “God bess Santa Kaus.”

2. ASLEEP—

AND I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, oh, Undeiled !
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child.

Artist, Mr. F. A. CHAPMAN, Engraver, Mr. WM. HOWLAND.





Illustrations.

3. HARNEY'S FROLIC—

"BUT the kitten there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Slapping off the shining froth."

4. BENNY'S INDIGNATION—

"SANTA KAUS! come down de chimney,
Make my moder 'have hersef."



HAD told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full could be,
And attentive listening to me
With a face demure and mild,
That good Santa-Klaus, who filled them,
Does not love a naughty child.



ut we'll be good, won't we, Moder?"

And from off my lap he slid,

Digging deep among the *goodies*

In his crimson stockings hid;

While I turned me to my table

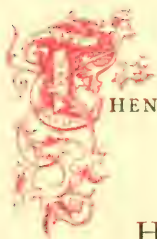
Where a tempting goblet stood

Brimming high with dainty egg-nog

Sent me by a neighbour good.



UT the kitten, there before me
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment
Slapping off the shining froth ;
And in not the gentlest humour
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.



THEN how Benny's blue eyes kindled !

Gathering up the precious store

He had busily been pouring

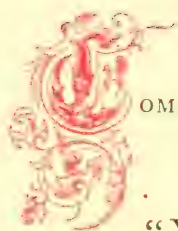
In his tiny pinafore,

With a generous look that shamed me

Sprang he from the carpet bright,

Showing by his mien indignant

All a baby's sense of right.



OME back, Harney!" called he loudly

As he held his apron white,

"You sall have my candy wabbit!"

But the door was fastened tight;

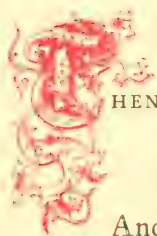
So he stood, abashed and silent

In the centre of the floor

With defeated look alternate

Bent on me and on the door.





HEN, as from a sudden impulse
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames go high and higher,
In a brave clear key he shouted
Like some lordly little elf,
“Santa Kaus! Come down de chimney
Make my moder ’have hersef!”



will be a good girl, Benny,"

Said I, feeling the reproof,

And straightway recalled poor Harney

Mewing on the gallery roof;

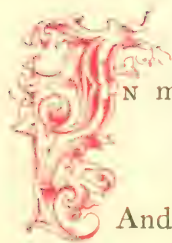
Soon the anger was forgotten,

Laughter chased away the frown,

And they played beneath the live-oaks

Till the dusky night came down.





IN my dim firelighted chamber
Harney purred beneath my chair,
And my play-worn boy beside me
Knelt to say his evening prayer:
“God bess Fader,—God bess Moder,
God bess Sister,”—then a pause,
And the sweet young lips devoutly
Murmured “God bess Santa Kaus!”

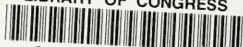




H E is sleeping;—brown and silken
Lie the lashes long and meek
Like caressing clinging shadows
On his plump and peachy cheek ;
And I bend above him, weeping
Thankful tears, oh Undefined!
For a woman's crown of glory,
For the blessing of a child !



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BENNY

